

THE NEW

N^o ii

WIFE

OF

BEATH

Much better Reformed, Enlarg-
ed, and Corrected, than it
was formerly in the Old
uncorrect Copy.

*With the Addition of many o-
ther Things.*

✧ **GLASGOW,**
Printed by Robert Sanders, one
of His Majesties Printers.
ANNO DOM. 1700.

Wife (New) of Beath, much better Reformed, enlarged and
corrected, with Addition of many other Things, black letter,
12mo. uncut, very neat, rare, 1l. 1s. 6d. Glasgow, 1700

1art.

Bought from Thorpe's Catalogue for
1846, no. 2004, for £1..11..6. It is very
rare. I know of no other copy.

Mr. Bright had a copy, which fetched
£1..12..0 at his sale, lot 6041.

THE NEW
WIFE
OF
BEATH

Much better than the Old
and Corrupt, than is
was formerly the Old
uncorrect Copy.

With the Addition of many
other Things.

GLASGOW
Printed by Robert Sanders, one
of His Majesty's Printers.
ANNODOM 1700.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader, What was Papal
or Heretical in the former Copy
is left out here in this second Edition:
For there is nothing that can offend the
Wise and Judicious, nor being taken up
into a literal Sense, but be way of Allego-
ry and Mystical, which thus may easie.

The whole Dialogue is nothing but
that which is recorded in Scripture for
our Example, wherefore I appeal from
the Capi Critick & Censorious, who
start at straws, & leap over Blacks; And
whose Nature is with the Spider, to
suck nothing but Venom out of the sweet-
est Flowers.

Unto the Judicious and Wise, who
can registrate Vertue with the point of a
Diamond, into the Rock of eternal Me-
mory, & Vice into Oblivion Sands; And
whose Genius with the Bee, to extract
Honey out of the bitterest Flower.

Therefore, the one may read and be Ed-
ified, the other read and be Offended.
Let Dogs bark when they will, the good
is still the same. Farewel.

The New Wife of Beath.

In Beath, once dwelt a worthy wife,
Of whom brave Chaucer mention makes
She lived a Licentious life,
And namely in General Acts:
But Death did come for all her Tracks,
When years were spent and dayes outdrives
Then suddenly the sickness takes,
Deceast for ever, and went to Heav'n.

But as she went upon the way,
There followed her a certain Guide;
And kindly to her did he say,
Where mean you Dame for to abide,
I know you are the wife of Beath,
And would not then that you go wrong,
For I'm your friend, and will be leath,
That you go through this narrow chiding.
This way is broader; go with me,
And very pleasant is the way;
I'll bring you there, where you would be,
Go with me friend, say not me nay.

She looked on him, then did speak,
I pray you, Sir, what is your Name;
Show me the way how you came here,
To tell to me it is no shame.
Is that a favour about your Neck,
And what is that upon your side;
Is it a Bag, or Silver Seck?
What art thou then; where do you bide?

I was a Servant unto Christ,
And Judas likewise is my Name;
I know you by your colours first,
Forsooth indeed you are to blame;
Your Master did you not betray,
And hanged your self when you had done,

(3)
Where thee you bide I will not stay;
Go then, you Knave, let me alone.
What ever I be, I'll be your Guide,
Because ye know not well the way,
Till ye but once in me confide,
I'll do all Friendship that I may.

What would you me? where do you dwell,
I have no will to go with thee;
I fear it is some lower Cell,
I pray thee therefore let me be.

This is a stormy night and cold,
I'll bring you to a right warm Inn;
Till ye go forward, and be bold,
And mend your pace till we win in.

I'm fear'd your Inn is too warm,
For too much hotness is not best;
Such hotness there may do me harm,
And keep me that I do not rest:
I know your way, it is to Hell,
For you are none of the eleven;
Go haste you then unto your Cell,
My way is only unto Heaven.

That way then is by Gates of Hell,
If you intend there for to go,
Go Dame, I will not you compel,
But I with you will go also.

Then down they went a right steep Hill,
Where smokes and darkness did abound
And Pick and Sulphur burned still
With yell and cryes, hills did rebound,
The fiend himself came to the Gate,
And asked him where he had been;
Do ye not know and have forgot,
Seeking this wife could not be seen.

Good Dame, he said, would you be here,
I pray you then tell me your Name;

The

The wiffe of Beeth, since that you sprang
But to come in I were to blame :

I will not have you here good Dame,
For you were Distress of the Flying ;
If once within this Gate you come,
I will be troubled with your byting.
Commer, go back, and let me be,
Here are too many of your rout ;
Such women lewd like unto thee,
I cannot turn my foot about.

Sir Theeff I say I shall bide out,
But Gossip thou was ne'er to me ;
For to come in, I'm not so stout :
And of my biding thou'lt be free :
But Lucifer what's that on thee ?
Hast thou no water in this place ;
Thou looks so black it seems to me ;
Thou never dost wash thy ugly face.

If we had water for to drink
We should not care for washing then ;
Into these Flames and filthy sink,
We burn with fire unto the Doom :
Cyprian me then, Good wife, no more
For first when I heard of thy Name ;
I knew thou hadst such words in store,
Would make the Devil for to think shame.

Forsooth, Sir Theeff, you are to blame.
If I had time now for to bide :
Once you were well but may think shame,
That lost heaven for rebellious pride ;
Who Traitor-like fell with the rest,
Because you would not be content,
And now of Bless is dispossest,
Without all grace for to repent.
Thou wast poor Eva to consent,
To eat of the forbidden Tree :

which

which the poor Daughters may relent,
 And made us almost like to thee:
 But God be blest who pass thee by,
 And did a Saviour provide;
 For Adams whole Posterity,
 All those who do in him confide,
 Adieu false friend, I may not bide,
 Which thee I may no longer say;
 My God in Death he was my Guide,
 O're Hell I'll get the Victory.

Then up the Hill the poor wife went,
 Opprest with stinking flames, and fears,
 Weeping right sore, with great relent,
 For to go else she wist not where:
 A narrow way with thorns & briers,
 And full of Wyres were her before;
 She sighed oft with sobs and tears,
 The poor wifes heart was wondrous sore,
 Tired and cown she went on still,
 Sometimes she sat, and sometimes fell,
 Ay till she came to an high hill,
 And then she looked back to Hell.
 When that she had clum up the Hill,
 Before her was a goodly plain;
 Where she did rest and weep her fill,
 Then rose and to her tent again,
 Her heart was glad, the way was good,
 Up to the Hill she went in haste,
 The Flowers were fair, where that she stood,
 The Fields were pleasant in her taste,
 There then she loved Jerusalem,
 On Sions Mount where that it stood,
 Shining with Gold light as the Sun,
 Her silly heart was then right glad,
 The Doors were Pearls shining bright,
 Glorious it was for to behold,

With precious Stones gave such a Light,
 The Walls were of transparent Gold;
 High were the Walls, the Gates were shut
 And long she thought for to be in;
 But then for fear of biding out,
 She knocked hard and made some din;
 To knock and cry she did not spare,
 Till Father Adam did her hear;
 Who is't that cries so rudely there
 Heaven cannot well be won by force.

The Wife of Beeth since that you spake
 Hath stood this two hours at the Gate,
 Go back, quoth he, thou must forbear,
 Here may no Sinners entrance get.

Adam, quoth she, I shal be in
 In spite of all such Chaunces as thee;
 Thou art the Original of all Sin,
 For eating of the Forbidden Tree;
 For which thou art not flying free,
 But for thy Foul Offences fled.

Adam went back and let her be;
 Looking as if his Soul had bled.

Then Mother Eve did him speare,
 Who was it there that made such din?
 He said a Woman would be here,
 For me, I durst not let her in.

I'll go, said she, and ask her will,
 Her company I would have fain;
 But as she cryed, and knocked still,
 And in no wayes she would refrain.

Daughter, said Eve you will do well
 And come again another time;
 Heaven is not won by Sword or Steel,
 Nor none that's guilty of a Crime.

Mother, said she, the fault is mine,
 That knocking here so long I stand;
 Thy guilt is more than that of mine,

If thou wilt rightly understand
 Thou shalt the cause of all our sin,
 wherein we were born and conceiv'd,
 Our Misery thou didst begin,
 By thee thy Husband was deceiv'd.

Eve went back where Noah was,
 And told him all how she was blam'd,
 Of her great Sin and fiend Treaspas,
 whereof she was so much asham'd.

Then Noah said, I will go down,
 And will forbid her that she knock;
 Go back, she said, ye drunken Loton,
 You're none of the Celestial Flock.

Noah, she said, hold thou thy peace,
 where I drank Ale, thou didst drink Wine,
 Discovered was to thy disgrace,
 when thou was full, like to a Swine:
 If I was drunk I learn'd at thee,
 For thou'rt the Father and the first,
 That others taught, and likewise me
 To drink when as we have no chaff.

Then Noah in haste turn'd back with speed
 And told the Patriarch Abraham then;
 How that the Carling made him dead,
 And all his Deeds how she did ken.

Abraham, then said, now get you gone,
 Let us no more hear of your din.
 No lying wife as I suppose,
 May enter in these Gates within.

Abraham, she said, will you but spair,
 I hope you are not flying free;
 You of your self had such a care,
 Deny'd your wife and made a lie:
 Oh then I pray you let me be,
 For I repent of all my sin,
 Do thou but open thy Gates to me,

And

And let me quietly come in.

Abraham went back to Jacob then,
And told his Nephew how he sped
How that of her nothing he wan.
He thought the Carling was right mad.

Then down came Jacob chooing the close
And said go backward down to hell.

Jacob, quoth he, I know thy voice,
That gate pertaineth to thy sell.

Of thy old Leimperies I can tell,
With two Sisters thou ledst thy life.

And the third part of these Tribes twelue,
Thou got with Wains besides thy wife.

And stole thy Fathers Brunsell,
Only by fraud, thy Father knew.

Gave thou him not for Gennison,
A Kid, in stead of a baken Roe?

Jacob himself was tickled so,
He went to Lot where he was lying.

And to the Gate prayed him to go,
To stanch the Carling of her crying.

Lot sayes fair, Dame make less ado,
And come again another day.

Old harlot Carle, and Duncard too,
Thou with thine own two Daughters too.

Of thine yongely seed I say,
Proceeded never good, but ill.

Poor Lot for shame, he stole away,
And let the wife still knock her fill.

Wick Holes then went down at last,
To pacifie the Carling then.

Now Dame, said he, knock not so fast,
Your knocking will not let you last.

Good Sir, she said, I am agast,
When that I look you in the face.

If that your Wain till now had last,

Then surely I had ne'er got grace :
 But Dolea Sir, now be your liege,
 Although in Heaven you be possesse,
 For all you saw, did not beliebe
 But you in Hoord there transgress,
 Wherefore by all it is confest,
 You got but once the Land to see,
 And in the Mount was put to rest,
 Dea buried there, where you did die.

Dolea meekly, he turned back,
 And told his Brother Aaron there ;
 How that the Carling did so crack,
 And in no wayes did him forbear,

Then Aaron said I will not swear
 But I'll curse her as I can :
 And I will make her now forbear,
 So that she shall not rap again.

Then Aaron said, you whoorish wile,
 So get you gone and rap no more ;
 With Idols you have led your life
 Or then you shall repent it sore,

Good Aaron Priest, I know you well,
 The Golden Calf you may remember
 Who made the People Plagues to feel,
 This is of you recorded ever :

Your Priest hood now is nothing worth
 Christ is my only Priest, and he
 By Lord who will not keep me forth,
 So I'll in the spite of thee.

Then up start Sampson at the length,
 Into the Gate a pace came he,
 To drive away the wile with strength,
 But all in vain it would not be.

Sampson, quoth he, the world may see,
 Thou was a Judge who prov'd unjust,
 Those gracious Gifts which God gave thee
 Thou

Thou lost them by licentious lust,
 From Dalila thy wicked wife,
 Thy Secrets chief couldst not refrain,
 She daily sought to take thy Life;
 Thou lost thy sight and then was slain,
 Tho thou was strong it was in vain.
 Hunting with Harlots here and there,
 Then Sampson turned back again,
 And with the wife would melt no more.

Then said King David knock no more
 We are all troubled with your cry.

David, quoth she, how canst thou there?
 Thou mightst bid out as well as I:
 Thy Deeds no wayes thou canst deny,
 Is not thy Sin far worse than mine,
 Who with Achis wife did lie.
 And caus'd him to be murdered fine.

Then Tuberh said, to hole there that knock
 And to our Neighbours gives these Notes

Adam, said she, let be your mocks,
 I came not here for cutting Throats:
 I am a Sinner full of Blotts,

Yet through Christs Blood I shal be clean
 If Pou and I be Judg'd by Votes,
 The thing thou didst was worse done,

Then said the sapient Solomon,
 Thou art a Sinner all Men say,
 Therefore our Savious I suppose,
 The Heavenly encreance will deny,

Remember, quoth she, thy latter dayes
 What Idol Gods thou didst up set,
 And was solowd in Venus Playes,
 Thou didst thy Maker quite forget.

Then Jonas said fare Dame content,
 If you intend to come to Grace,
 You must dye penance, and repent for

E'er you can come within this place.

Jonas, quoth he, how stands the case ?

How came you here to be with Christ ?

How dare you look him in the face ?

Considering how you black your Crest :

As go Gods Carrand thou witchhood him

and held his Counsel in villainy ;

The Raven Messenger thou plaidst him,

and brought no Message back again :

With Percy thou wast not content,

when that the Lord he did them spare ;

Although the City did repent,

It grieved thee thy heart was sore

let me alone, and speak no more,

Go back again into the tubale,

For now my heart is also sore,

But yet I hope I shall prevail.

Good Jonas said, Crack on your fill

for here I may no longer tarry,

Yet knock as long as e'er ye will,

And go unto the fire, farre,

Jonas, she says, you do miscarrie.

As I have done in former time,

You're not Saint Peter nor Saint Mary,

Thy Blot's as black as ever mine.

So Jonas then he was ashamed,

Because he was not sitting free,

Of all his faults he had him blamed,

He left the wife and let her be,

Saint Thomas then, I counsel thee,

Do speak unto yon wicked wife,

She shames us all, and as for me,

Her like I never heard in life.

Thomas then said, you make much strife,

when you are out, and trouble die,

If ye were here I'd say my life

Do

No peace the Saints will get withint
 It is your Trade for to be lying,
 Still in a Fever as one reaves,
 No marvel though you would be lying,
 Your Tongues were made of Aspen leaves.

Thomas, quoth he; let be your Taunt,
 You play the pick-thank I perceive.
 Tho thou be Brother among the Saints,
 An unbelieving heart you have,
 Thou broughtst thy Lord unto the Grave,
 But wouldst no more with him remain;
 And was the last of all the leave,
 That did believe he rose again,
 There might no Doctrine do thee good,
 Nor Miracles make thee confyde,
 Till thou beheld Chylts wounds and blood
 And puest chy hands into his side:
 Didst thou not dally with him byre?
 And sawest the wonders which he wrought?
 But blest are they who do confesse
 And do believe, yet saw him nought:
 Thomas, he sayes, will ye but speir,
 If that my Sister Magdalen
 Shall come to me, if she be here;
 For Comforts sure you give me want.

He was so blyth and turned back,
 And thanked God that he was gone;
 He had no will to hear her crack,
 But told it Mary Magdalen.

When that he heard her Sisters moke,
 She went unto the Gate with speed;
 And asked her whose there that knocke?

Yes I the wife of Beath; indeed,
 She said good Masters, you must stand
 Till you be tryed by Tribulation.

Sister, quoth he, give me your hand.

Are we not both of one Location?
 It is not through your Occupation,
 That you are placed so Divine,
 My Faith is fixed on Christs Passion,
 My Soul shall be as safe as thine.
 Then Mary went away in haste,
 The Carling made her so ashamed,
 She had no toll of such a Guest,
 To lose her pains and be so blamed.
 Now good Saint Paul, said Magdalen,
 For that you are a learned Man,
 Go and convince this woman then
 For I have done all that I can:
 Sure if she were in Hell I doubt,
 They would not keep her longer there,
 But to the Gate would put her out,
 And send her back to be else where.
 Then went the good Apostle Paul,
 To put the wife in better Tune,
 Wash off that filth which fills the Soul,
 Then shall Heavens Gates be opened soon,
 Remember Paul what thou hast done,
 For all thy Epistles thou dost compile,
 Though now thou sittest up above,
 Thou persecutest Christ a while,
 Woman he said, thou art not right,
 That which I did, I did not know,
 But thou dost sit with all the might,
 Although the Preachers are there now,
 Saint Paul, he said, it is not so,
 Did not know so well as ye,
 But I will to my Saviour go,
 Who will his favour show to me,
 You think you are of sitting here,
 Because you was rapt up above,
 But yet it was Christs Grace to thee,
 And

(16)
And matchlesness of his dear Love,
Thou Paul, sayes he, let Peter come,
If he be lying let him rise,
To him I will confesse my Sin,
And let him quickly bring the Keyes,
Too long I stand, he'll let me in:
For why I cannot longer carrie,
Then hal you all be quite of din,
For I must speak with good Saint Marie.

The good Apostle discontent,
Right suddenly he turned back,
For he did very much repent,
To hear the Carling proudly crack,
Paul sayes, good Brother, now arise,
And make an end of all this din:
And if so be you have the Keyes
Open and let the Carling in,
The Apostle Peter, rose at last,
And to the Gate with speed he hies.
Carling quoth he, knock not so fast,
You cumber Mary with your eyes,
Peter, he said let Christ arise,
And grant me Mercy in my need;
For why I never deny'd him thine,
As thou thy self hast done indeen.

Thou Carling hold, what's that to thee
I got remission for my sin;
It cost many sad Tears to me,
Before I entered here within:
It will not be thy meikle din,
Will cause Heavens Gates to opened be,
Thou must be purified of Sin
And of all Sins must be made free,

Saint Peter then no thanks to you,
That so you were rid of your fears
It was Christ's gracious Look I stole

That made you so bitter Tear,
The Door of Mercy is not clos'd,
I may get Mercy as well as ye,
It is not so as ye suppos'd,
I will be in despite of thee.

But wicked Wicke. it is too late
Thou shouldst have mourned upon Earth,
Repentance now is out of date :

It should have been before thy Death :
Thou mightest then have turn'd away,
To Mercy then, and Mercy got,
But now the Lord is very loath,
And all thy cries not worth a jot.

Ah : Peter then what shal I do ?
He will not have me as I hear,
Shal I despair of Mercy to,
No, no, I'll trust on Mercy dear :
And if I perish here I'll say,
And never go from Heavens bright ;
I'll ever hope, and alwayes pray,
Until I get my Saviours sight.

I think indeed you are now right
If you had Faith you could win in ;
Importune then with all your might,
Faith is the Feet wherewith ye come :
It is the Hands will hold him fast,
But weak Faith may not presume ;
It will let you sink, and be agast,
Strongly Believe or else undone.

But Good Saint Peter let me be,
Had you such Faith did it abound ?
When you did walk upon the Sea,
Was you not like for to be drown'd ?
Had not our Saviour helped thee,
Who came and took thee by the hand ;
He can my Lord do the like to me.

And bring me to the promised Land;
Is my faith weak? Yet he is still
The same, and ever shall remain;
His mercies last, and his good will,
To bring me to his flock again;
He will me help and merelieve;
And will increase my faith also;
If weakly I can but believe.
For from this place I'll never go.

But Peter said, how can that be?
How darst thou look him in the face,
Such horrid sinners like to thee,
Can have no courage to get Grace:
Here none comes in but they that's stout,
And suffered have for the good Cause;
Like unto thee are keeped out,
For thou hast broke all Moses Lawes:

Peter, he said, I do appeale
From Moses, and from thee also;
With him and you I'll not prevaile,
But to my Saviour I will go:
Indeed of old you were right stout,
When you did cut off Malchus Eare;
But after that you went about,
And a poore Maid then did you feare,
Wherefore Saint Peter do forbear,
A comforter indeed you're not:
Let me alone, I do not feare,
Take home the twissel of your goat;
Wax it your own, or Pauls good sword,
When that your courage was so keen;
You wax right stout upon my word,
Then would you faine at fishing beene;
For at the crowling of the Cock,
You did deny your Master thrise;
For all your stoutness turn'd a block,

How flye no more as thou wast.

Yet at the last the Lord arose,
Inbrued with Angels bright,
And to the wife in haste he goes,
Desir'd her soon pass out of sight.

O Lord, quoth he, cause do me right,
But not according to my sin;
Hast thou not promis'd day and night,
When Sinners knock, to let them in,
He said thou breakest the Scripture wrong,
The night is come, thou spent the day,
In whom thou hast lived long
And to repent thou dost delay;
Still my Commandments thou abus'dst,
And vice committest busie,
Since thou my mercy then refus'dst,
So down to Hell eternallise.

O Lord my Soul doth testifie,
That I have spent my Life in vain;
Oh make a wandering Sheep of me,
And bring me to thy flock again.

Thinkst thou there is no count to crave,
Of all these Gifts in thee was planted,
I gave thee beauty above the leafe,
A pregnant wit thou never wanted.

Waster, quoth he, it must be granted,
My sins are great give me Contrition:
The forelorn Son when he repented
Obtain'd his Fathers full Remission.

I spar'd my judgements many times
And Spiritual Pastors did thee lend;
But thou receiv'dst thy former Crimes,
By more and more me to offend.

O Lord, quoth he, I do amend,
Lamenting for my former vice,
The poor Theefe at the latter end,

For

For one word went to Paradise,

The Thief heard never of my teachings,
My heavenly Precepts, and my Laws,
But thou wast daily at my preachings,
Both heard, and saw, and yet misnamed.

Master, quoth he, the Scripture shows
The Jewish woman which play'd the Lout,
Conform unto the Hebrews Laws,
Wasa brought to thee to be put down;
But never theless thou lett'st her go,
And made the Pharisees afraid.

Indeed sayes Christ, it was right so
And that my bidding was obeyed.
Woman he said I may not cast,
The Childrens bread to Dogs like thou
Altho my Mercies yet doth last,
Yet is there Mercy none for thee.

But loving Lord, may I presume,
Poor worm that I may speak again;
The Dogs for hunger were undone,
And of the Crumbs they ate eight pain:
Grant me one Crumb then that hath fall,
From thy best Childrens Table Lord,
That I may be refresh'd withal,
It will me help enough afford.

The Gates of Mercy are now clos'd,
And thou canst hardly enter in;
It is not so as thou suppos'st,
For thou art deadly sick in sin.

Is true indeed, my Lord, most meek
My Soile and Sickness I do feel;
Yet thou the Lame dost truly seek
Who lay long at Bethesda's Pool
Of many that thee never sought,
Like to the poor Samaritan;
Whom thou unto thy fold hast brought.

Then as thou didst the Widow of Saim,
Most gracious God, didst thou not bid
All that were weary come to thee,
Behold, I come: I even overload
With sin, have mercy upon me.

The Issues of thy Soul are great,
Thou art both leprous and unclean
To be with Me thou art not fit,
So from Me then let me alone.

Let me thy Garments once but touch
My bloody Issue shall be whole,
It will not cost Thee very much,
To save a poor distressed Soul,
Speak Thou the word, I shall be whole,
One Look of Thee shall do me good,
Save now, good Lord, my silly Soul,
Bought with thine own most precious Blood.

Let Me alone, none of My Blood
Was ever shed for such as thee,
It was My Mercy patience good,
Which from Damnation made thee free.

It is confessed Thou hast been just,
Altho Thou hast condemned me;
But O! Thy Mercies still doth last,
To save the Soul that trusts in Thee;
Let me not then condemned be,
Most humbly Lord I Thee request.

Of Sinners all none like to me,
So much the more Thy Praise shall last.

Thy praising Me is not perfit,
My Saints shall praise Me evermore;
In Sinners I have no desire,
Such Sacrifice I do abhor.

Then she unto the Lord did say,
At foot-stool of Thy Grace I'll lay,
Sweet Lord my God, say me not nay,

For if I perish, here I'll dy.

Poor silly wretch then speak no more,
Thy faith poor soul, hath saved thee;
Enter go in unto my Glorie,
And rest for all Eternitie.

How soon our Saviour these words said,
A long white Robe to her was giuen;
And then the Angels did her lead,
Forthwith within the Gates of Heauen;
A Laurel Crown set on her head,
Spangled with Rubies, and with Gold;
A bright white Palm, she likewise had,
Glorious it was for to behold:

Her face did shine like to the Sun,
Like threads of Gold, her hair hang down,
Her eyes like Lamps unto the Moon,
Of precious Stones, rich was her Crown,
Angels and Saints did welcome her,
The heavenly Quire did sing reioice:
King David with his Harp was there;
The Silver Bells gine a great noise,
Such Dulcick, and such Organie
Was neuer heard nor likeways seen,
When this poor Saint was plac'd so high,
And of all Sins made freely clean:
But then when thus she was possist,
And looked back on all her fears;
And that she was come to her rest,
Fred from her sins, and all her cares,
She from her head did take the Crown,
Giving all praise to Christ on high,
And at his feet she laid it down.
For that the Lamb had made her free,
Nowe both she sing trim, and true,
And shall reioice for evermore,
O're Death, and Hell victoriously;
With tasting pleasures laid in store.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Of this life of Beath I make an end,
 And do these Lines with this conclude,
 Let none their lives in sin now spend,
 But watch and pray, be doing good.
 Dispondent Soules do not despair,
 Repent, and still believe in Christ,
 His Mercies which lasts evermore
 Will save the Soul that in Him trust.

F I N I S.